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CHAMBERS'S  
EDUCATIONAL COURSE.

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SIMPLE LESSONS

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*CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE—EDITED  
BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.*

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SIMPLE LESSONS  
IN READING.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS,  
AND FOR PRIVATE INSTRUCTION.



EDINBURGH:  
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS;  
W. S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER, LONDON; W. CURRY JUN. AND CO. DUBLIN;  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1841.

260. g. 574.

EDINBURGH :  
W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

## PREFACE.

### WITH DIRECTIONS FOR TEACHING ENGLISH.

THE present small work is designed to furnish young persons with a series of simple Exercises in Reading: according to the discretion of the teacher and the capacity of the pupil, it may be used after the SECOND BOOK and before the **RUDIMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE**. As instruction in much that is useful to be known is provided for in the last mentioned of these treatises, and also in the **INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCES**, it has not been judged necessary to infuse any miscellaneous information in the present work.

The principal object in view is to bring the child a step forward in the art of reading and spelling, and so prepare him for methodic intellectual culture in the books which follow. At the same time, in order to *amuse*, and induce reading for *the pleasure it communicates*, the subjects of the lessons are of that species of narrative which uniformly delights the infant mind, bearing in each case a reference to the moral perceptions of the pupil, or tending to encourage in him a love of the beautiful in nature. We may add, in the language of Mrs Barbauld—a few of whose pieces we have adopted—"The task we have undertaken is humble, but not mean; for to lay the first stone of a noble building, and to plant the first idea in the human mind, can be no dishonour to any hand."

With respect to the precise purpose of the work—advancement in the art of reading—a few observations and directions seem necessary. According to the old methods of instruction, it was considered sufficient if the child could read over his part of a lesson without blundering, and also spell correctly any word that might be put to him. The consequence was, that many children were dismissed from school with the character of good readers, who knew little or nothing of



the meaning of what they had read ; all they had learned was to name certain printed symbols or words by rote. Such acquirements, it may well be supposed, could have no effect in improving either the intellectual or the moral faculties of the young. The modern improved plan of instruction in English, which we desire should be carried into effect in connexion with these treatises, is something very different.

*First*, It is necessary that the child should be taught to *read*—that is, to apprehend at a glance the appearance of the written symbols of his native language, and to pronounce these symbols according to the most approved manner. Connected with reading, and an important part of the means of acquiring the art, is spelling, or the anatomisation of the language, as it may be called, into its constituent syllables and letters. For orthography, the use of separate books, under the appellation of spelling-books, does not appear strictly necessary. In the present and other volumes of the “*Educational Course*,” the reading lessons furnish words sufficient for the purpose, the teacher only having the duty of explaining the principles on which the syllabic divisions of words may in general be ascertained. In order to lead on the child by easy and progressive steps, certain words in the early lessons in the present volume are divided into their component syllables.

The following are the established rules on the subject of spelling, which we copy from the treatise on *ENGLISH GRAMMAR*, by Mr D’Orsey, in the present series :—“ 1. Never divide words of *one* syllable—*strength, alms, farm*. 2. Never separate letters of the *same* syllable—*un-speak-able*. 3. Divide generally according to pronunciation—*de-light, ho-ly, ex-ist, un-der, de-throne, ab-stain, parch-ment, pref-er-able, la-ment-a-tion*. 4. Divide compounds into their component parts—*lamp-post, pen-knife*. 5. Keep the root whole in derivatives—*touch-ing, preach-er, lov-est*. 6. Divide words in *tion, cious, cian, sion*, thus—*mo-tion, vi-cious, mus-i-cian, ex-tension*.

Spelling has two meanings—1. Naming letters singly, by their *powers*, grouping them into syllables, and these again into words, so as to *read* a language. 2. Putting down letters on paper in proper number, order, &c., so as to produce a combination expressive of sound, and thus *write* a language. Spelling, in the first sense, is communicated by the ordinary elementary instruction which a child receives on entering school. Spelling, in the second sense, cannot

be acquired by the common practice of repeating columns of words. Constant practice in reading, writing from dictation, copying pieces from good authors, composing and correcting original essays, and performing systematic grammatical exercises, may be safely recommended as the only certain modes of attaining accuracy in spelling."

The teacher, in the early stages, has chiefly to do with the *first* kind of spelling, and, as his pupil advances, the *second* is gradually introduced. At a very early period, however, writing is an important auxiliary. Let the teacher write on the black board the successive letters forming a word, the pupil telling the teacher what letters to put down. When the word is finished, let the teacher ask the class—"Is this word correct?" All are eager to give opinions, but no one is allowed to speak except one selected. Should he fail, a second is applied to, and so on, till the word is made right. Many advantages attend this plan. It impresses the intimate connexion between form and sound; gives a correct, extensive, and permanent knowledge of spelling; and has a powerful effect on the general intellect, inducing a habit of prompt and accurate perception. If well managed, it may afford valuable instruction, in a most amusing form, to fifty or a hundred boys at once; indeed, to as many as can see the writing on the board. This is a practice extensively pursued in Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, and adopted with great success in the High School of Glasgow, and other large seminaries.

*Second.* The child must be taught to understand the meaning of the words (symbols of ideas) in his lessons. Professional skill, good temper, and general intelligence, are required in any master who undertakes this important duty. The method pursued, as laid down in the best normal seminaries, is both *elliptical* and *explanatory*. A lesson is first read, each member of the class reading a few sentences or paragraphs, and in the course of which the master gives a number of explanations and illustrations of the subject; his different observations may be described as a kind of lecture preparatory to future examination. The books are now laid aside, and the teacher commences the task of probing the pupils' memory, by repeating sentence after sentence from the lesson, omitting one or more words, or, it may be, half words, which are to be supplied by the children. To vary the plan, an advanced pupil may be asked to supply the omissions. Besides supplying the omitted words, the pupils are asked, singly or collectively, to explain meanings,

and give any collateral information on the subject that they may possess. In many instances, the children will neither be able to supply omissions nor to offer meanings, in which case the teacher should help them out of the difficulty with considerate kindness and good humour. Care should be taken not to hurry the children, but leave them a little time to recall their vagrant memories, before assisting them over the impediment. In this species of colloquy, care must likewise be taken not to overwork the infant mind. The child must not be crammed with too much explanation. Only very simple ideas are to be roused, and such matters alluded to as may be supposed to interest and encourage the dawning faculties. We cannot also too earnestly recommend the practice of illustration by pictures and sensible objects. The black board should be in constant use, and every teacher should qualify himself to give ready off-hand sketches. The rudest outline done on the spot excites more interest than the finest engraving.

We present the following as an example of this enlarged method of instruction, taking the first lesson, *A Walk in the Fields*, for our text. The language in Roman letter is by the master; that in Italics is from the pupils:—

“Now, children, we shall go over the first lesson, and I will see if you remember what you have been reading. Come, let us walk...out. What do you mean by out? *It is out of the house* (or, perhaps, cries another), *out at the door*. Just so, we go out; now, what are we going to walk into? *The fields*. Very good, the fields. Can any of you spell fields? *Yes, I can spell it—f i e l d s*. Right; now, see if you can spell it, James. [James perhaps fails in the attempt, but another does it, and so the teacher proceeds.] Well, we have walked out into the fields. Do any of you know what the fields are like? *Large*. Yes, they are large; but what is their colour? *Green*. Can you tell me what green is like; show me something that is...green. *That tree in the picture is green* (pointing to a picture on the wall). Do you see any thing else of a green colour? *Yes, the ribbon on that girl's bonnet is green*. Very well answered. Now, do you know what grows in the...fields. *Grass*. What is the use of grass? *Cows eat it*. Do cows give us any thing? *They give us milk*. Do you know any other animals which eat grass? *Sheep*. What are sheep like? (No answer). Are they larger or smaller than cows? *Smaller*. Exactly. What kind of skins have they? *They have wool*. Have cows wool? *No*. What have they? *Brown spots*. Spots

of wool! *No, hair.* How many legs has a sheep! *Four.* Many sheep together make a flock—make a...*flock.* You will remember this, that a number of sheep together make a...*flock.* Is grass always green, think you! *Yes.* Did you ever see grass any other colour than green? *No.* You never saw grass any other colour than green? *No.* But suppose, during a hot summer, when the sun is shining very bright for a long time, perhaps for six or eight weeks at a time, and no rain, what colour do you think grass would be! *Brown.* Then, grass is not always green? *No, sir.* It sometimes is...*brown.* Whether do you think that sheep would like to eat green...*grass,* which is full of...*sap,* or brown...*grass,* that is very...*dry?* *Green grass.* Quite right. Now, tell me what it is that shines in the...*sky. The sun.* What does the sun do when it...*shines?* *Yes,* when it shines! *It gives light.* Does the sun always...*shine?* *No, it does not shine at night.* Now I must tell you where the sun goes at night. [Here the master gives a slight idea of the sun shining continually at one place or other, so as to correct the natural supposition that it goes to bed, or sinks into the sea at night.] Well, now, we say the sun shines in the...*sky,"* &c. &c.

By this method of omitting words, cross-questioning, and easy conversational explanation of difficulties, it is impossible that a child can learn his lessons merely by rote. His infant faculties are excited to listen, to comprehend, and to answer. He cons over and reads his lesson, not with the bald design of repeating it, or drawling monotonously over the words, but of acquiring information, and exhibiting his little store of knowledge among his schoolfellows. It is almost unnecessary to say that his progress depends very much, if not altogether, on the tact and professional skill of the master, as well as on the assistance which his parents may give him at home. One very material advantage in this improved method of instruction is, the cultivation of the *art of speaking.* The master should speak in the best English, and take care that the answers are equally correct in point of style and grammar. *Clearness of articulation* should be most carefully inculcated, as indistinctness acquired in childhood can hardly ever be removed. By these means, vulgar and provincial dialects will be gradually extirpated, and purity of speech introduced.

The practice of omitting and supplying words is dropped, as the pupil advances in the Course; but the plan of cross-questioning on the meaning of words and sentences, and on

the subjects incidentally introduced, is continued to the very last. Hence an English education, in point of fact, includes a vast variety of topics—elocution, etymology, grammar, elements of physical science, the arts, history, geography, &c.—all preparatory to the special study of any of these branches of learning.

These explanations of what constitutes the intellectual method of instruction, will help to show the fallacy of appending a string of questions to every lesson in books for schools. To all such *set-down* questions we most decidedly object. When questions are printed, the pupils learn the answers, and nothing more; whereas every word in the lesson may form the basis of a dozen questions at least, exclusive of the collateral explanations which may be suggested. Skilful teachers require no printed sets of questions for their guidance; they are able to construct a thousand varied questions out of every lesson that passes through their hands, and they have only to guard against the error of allowing their zeal to carry them away to subjects irrelevant to the lessons before them.

## SIMPLE LESSONS.

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### A WALK IN THE FIELDS.

COME, let us walk out in-to the fields. The sun shines in the sky. The air is sweet and pleasant. There is no smoke in the fields. The smoke is on-ly in towns. The fields are ve-ry large, and spread a great way. But we shall not go far.

Now, see how beau-ti-ful all things are. Hark, did you hear a-ny noise? Yes. It is

birds sing-ing among the bush-es. Pret-ty lit-tle birds, I love you all. Do not fly a-way, for I will not hurt you. Here are some crumbs, which I have put on the ground. Come, pick them up with your beaks. They will be food for your young.

I hear other sounds. They come from the next field over the fence. Oh, it is men and wo-men sing-ing. Why do they sing in the open air? Be-cause they are at work. Some have hoes, and some have spades. It is good to be bu-sy. The bu-sy may sing, for they are hap-py. The i-dle are ne-ver hap-py, and they have not the heart to sing.

I smell a sweet scent. It is from the haw-thorn blos-soms on the hed-ges, and from the flow-ers a-mong the grass. Yon-der is a beau-ti-ful cow in the mea-dow. Wild dai-sies, and cow-slips, and prim-roses, and white clo-ver grow there.

Do you love flow-ers? Yes, be-cause they are pret-ty, and have a sweet scent. They will cheer us when we look upon them, and make us love God who made them, and all things for our use.



## A WALK IN THE GARDEN.

Do flow-ers grow any where else than in the fields? Yes. They grow in gar-dens. Gar-dens are small pieces of ground, with walls or hed-ges round them. They are some-times ve-ry pret-ty, but not so pret-ty as the open fields. Here is a gar-den, let us walk in it. But you must not run upon the bor-ders. You must on-ly go on the neat walks.

How many flow-ers are there? There are more than I can tell. And there are ma-n-y trees with fruit grow-ing from the branch-es, and bush-es with ber-ries, some red and some yel-low. If you are good, you shall have a small gar-den of your own, and a lit-tle spade to dig the earth with, and a hoe, and a rake, and a wheel-bar-row. How plea-sant that will be!

And when you have a gar-den, you must keep it very neat, and do not let any weeds grow in it to spoil it. And you will have some seeds to sow. Seeds are sown in the ground. You will make a hole in the earth, and put the seeds in, and co-ver them up with mould; and then, when sum-mer comes, the green shoots will peep forth, and they will soon grow tall and beau-ti-ful.

Let us ga-ther some flow-ers, and take them home, and put them in a glass with cold wa-ter. If we do not put them in wa-ter, they will soon die.

Which flow-er in the gar-den do you love best? I do not know. They are all so pret-ty. I think the rose is the fin-est flow-er. Oh, pret-ty red rose, let me smell your sweet leaves.





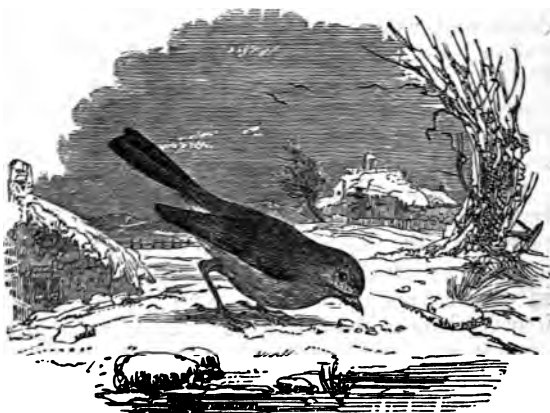
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who was pass-ing that way. The poor man came to him, and took him kind-ly by the hand, and led him to his house, where he got some-thing to eat, and a bed to lie upon all night. It was well for him that the poor man was kind-er to him than he was to the ro-bin. The boy then saw that he ought to have taken in the ro-bin and given it some crumbs, in-stead of teas-ing and kill-ing it.

ALTERED FROM MRS BARBAULD.



#### THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

When the leaves had for-sak-en the trees,  
And the fo-rests were chil-ly and bare ;  
When the brooks were be-gin-ning to freeze,  
And the snow wa-ver'd fast through the air ;

A ro-bin had fled from the wood,  
To the snug ha-bi-ta-tion of man ;  
On the thresh-old the wan-der-er stood,  
And thus his pe-ti-tion be-gan :

“ The snow’s com-ing down very fast,  
No shel-ter is found on the tree ;  
When you hear the un-pi-ty-ing blast,  
I pray you take pi-ty on me.

The hips and the haws are all gone,  
I can find nei-ther ber-ry nor sloe :  
The ground is as hard as a stone,  
And I’m al-most bu-ried in snow.

My dear lit-tle nest, once so neat,  
Is now emp-ty, and rag-ged, and torn ;  
On some tree should I now take my seat,  
I’d be fro-zen quite fast be-fore morn.

Oh, throw me a mor-sel of bread !  
Take me in by the side of the fire ;  
And when I am warm-ed and fed,  
I’ll whis-tle with-out other hire,

Till the sun be a-gain shin-ing bright,  
And the snow is all gone, let me stay ;  
Oh, see what a ter-ri-ble night !  
I shall die if you drive me a-way !

And when you come forth in the morn,  
And are talk-ing and walk-ing a-round ;  
Oh, how will your bo-som be torn,  
When you see me lie dead on the ground !

Then pi-ty a poor lit-tle thing,  
And throw me a part of your store ;  
I’ll fly off on the com-ing of spring,  
And ne-ver will trou-ble you more.”

## THE SPRING—FANNY AND THE LAMB.

The spring is come a-gain, the cold win-ter is past, the snow is melt-ed away, and there are green buds on the hed-ges. We now hear the notes of the cuc-koo in the grove. The cuc-koo is a pret-ty bird like a pi-geon, and it comes to wel-come in the spring. Hark! how it cries; *cuc-koo, cuc-koo.*

The swal-lows have also come fly-ing back over the wide sea, from the warm lands where they spent the win-ter. But it is still cold on the hills and in the high grounds, and there are poor lit-tle lambs ly-ing a-bout that would be ve-ry glad if the sun shone warm-er, and the winds were less keen and bit-ing.

There is a farm-house yon-der, and it is well shel-ter-ed by trees, and the hills that slope a-round it; and a lit-tle girl, call-ed Fan-ny, lives there, who is very thank-ful that she has been so hap-py and safe through the long win-ter, and that she had not to live out in the drea-ry coun-try, like many poor girls that have no fa-ther nor mo-ther to take care of them.

And she is come out into the fields to look a-bout, and see if the trees are bud-ding, and if the snow is gone from the hol-low places in the hil-locks, where the vio-lets will soon be found.

See, she is go-ing to-wards the fold where there are a great ma-ny sheep and lambs ly-ing, and there is one poor lit-tle thing that is not so strong as the rest, and it looks as if it would die,

un-less it is shel-ter-ed bet-ter till warm-er days come.

And Fan-ny, who is a kind and good girl, has been in-to the fold, and ta-ken the poor lit-tle lamb in her arms, and is press-ing it ve-ry close to her. And she will take it home with her, and feed it with nice new milk, and nurse it for a long time ; and when she has made it strong a-gain, she will let it re-turn to its mo-ther. Its mo-ther is sor-ry to part with it ; hear how she bleats.

ALTERED FROM MRS BARBAULD.

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TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beau-te-ous stran-ger of the grove !  
Thou mes-sen-ger of Spring !  
Now Hea-ven re-pairs thy ru-ral seat,  
And woods thy wel-come sing.

Soon as the dai-sy decks the green,  
Thy cer-tain voice we hear :  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the roll-ing year ?

De-light-ful vi-si-tant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flow-ers,  
When hea-ven is fill'd with mu-sic sweet  
Of birds a-mong the bow-ers.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood  
To pull the flow-rets gay,  
Starts, thy cu-ri-ous voice to hear,  
And i-mi-tates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fly-est thy vocal vale,  
An an-nu-al guest, in o-ther lands,  
An-o-ther Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow-er is e-ver green,  
Thy sky is e-ver clear;  
Thou hast no sor-row in thy song,  
No win-ter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
We'd make, with so-ci-al wing,  
Our an-nu-al vi-sit o'er the globe,  
Com-pa-ni-ons of the Spring.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

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HARRY, PETER, AND BILLY.

I will tell you a sto-ry. There was a lit-tle boy whose name was Har-ry; and his pa-pa and mam-ma sent him to school. Now, Har-ry was a cle-ver lit-tle fel-low, and lov-ed his book; and he was high in his class. So his mam-ma got up one morn-ing ve-ry ear-ly, and call-ed Bet-ty, the maid, and said, "Bet-ty, I think we must make a cake for Har-ry, for he has learn-ed his book ve-ry well." And Bet-ty said, "Yes, with all my heart."

So they made a nice cake. It was ve-ry large, and stuff-ed full of plums and sweet-meats, or-ange, and cit-ron; and it was iced all o-ver with su-gar: it was white and smooth on the top like snow. So this cake was sent to school.

When lit-tle Har-ry saw it, he was ve-ry glad,

and jump-ed a-bout for joy ; and he hard-ly stay-ed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnaw-ed it like a dog. So he ate till the bell rang for school, and af-ter school he ate a-gain, and ate till he went to bed ; nay, his bed-fel-low told me that he laid his cake un-der his pil-low, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.

But pre-sent-ly af-ter, this lit-tle boy was ve-ry sick and ill ; and e-ve-ry bo-dy said, " I won-der what is the mat-ter with Har-ry—he us-ed to be so brisk, and play a-bout more nim-bly than a-ny of the boys ; and now he looks pale, and is ve-ry ill." And some bo-dy said, " Har-ry has had a rich cake, and ate it all up ve-ry soon, and that has made him ill." They now sent for Doc-tor Ca-mo-mile, and he gave him I dō not know how much bit-ter stuff. Poor Har-ry did not like it at all, but he was forc-ed to take it, or else he would have died, you know. At last, he got well a-gain, but his mam-ma said she would send him no more cakes.



#### HARRY, PETER, AND BILLY CONTINUED.

Now, there was an-o-ther boy, who was one of Har-ry's school-fel-lows ; his name was Pe-ter ; the boys us-ed to call him Pe-ter Care-ful. And Pe-ter had writ-ten his mam-ma a ve-ry neat, pret-ty let-ter—there was not one blot or ill-spell-ed word in it all. So his mam-ma sent him a cake. Now, Pe-ter thought with-in him-self, I will not make my-self sick with this good cake, as sil-ly Har-ry did : I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake, and car-ri-ed it up



stairs. It was ve-ry hea-vy, and he was hard-ly able to lift it.

Pe-ter lock-ed up the cake care-ful-ly in his box, and once a-day he crept sly-ly up stairs, and ate a ve-ry lit-tle piece, and then lock-ed his box a-gain. He kept it se-ve-ral weeks, and it was not gone, for it was ve-ry large ; but be-hold ! the mice got in-to his box and nib-bled some. And the cake be-came moul-dy, and at last was good for no-thing. Pe-ter, there-fore, was o-blig-ed to throw it a-way, and it griev-ed him to the ve-ry heart, but no-body was sor-ry for him.



#### HARRY, PETER, AND BILLY CONTINUED.

Well, there was an-o-ther lit-tle boy at the same school, whose name was Bil-ly. And one day his mam-ma sent him a cake, as she lov-ed him dear-ly, and he lov-ed her dear-ly. When the cake came, Bil-ly said to his school-fel-lows, " I have a cake, come, let us go and eat it." So they came a-bout him like a par-cel of bees ; and Bil-ly cut a slice of cake for him-self, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to an-o-ther, and a piece to an-o-ther, till it was al-most gone. Then Bil-ly put the rest by, and said, " We will eat it to-mor-row."

The boys now all went to play to-ge-ther ve-ry mer-ri-ly. But pre-sent-ly af-ter, an old blind fid-dler came in-to the court ; he had a long white beard ; and be-cause he was blind, he had a lit-tle dog in a string to lead him. When he came in-to the court, he sat down up-on a stone, and said, " My pret-ty lads, if you wish, I will play you a

tune." And they all left off their sport, and stood a-round him. And Bil-ly saw that while he play-ed on his vi-o-lin, the tears ran down his cheeks. Bil-ly, there-fore, said, " Old man, why do you cry ?" And the old man said, " Be-cause I am ve-ry hun-gry—I have no-bo-dy to give me any din-ners or sup-pers—I have no-thing in the world but this lit-tle dog; and I can-not work: if I could, I would."



Then Bil-ly went, with-out say-ing a word, and fetch-ed the rest of his cake, which he had in-tend-ed to eat an-o-ther day; and he said, " Here, old man, here is some cake for you." The old man said, " Where is it? for I am blind, I can-not see it." So Bil-ly put it into his hat. And the fid-dler thank-ed him, and Bil-ly was more glad than if he had eat-en *ten* cakes.

Pray, which do you love best?—do you love Har-ry, or Pe-ter, or Bil-ly best?

## THE LION AND MOUSE.

A lion, faint with heat and wea-ry with running, lay down to rest un-der the spread-ing boughs of a thick sha-dy oak.

It hap-pen-ed that, while he slept, a com-pa-ny of wan-der-ing mice ran o-ver his back, and a-wak-en-ed him; up-on which, start-ing up, he laid his paw up-on one of them, and was go-ing to put it to death, when the lit-tle crea-ture ask-ed for mer-cy in a ve-ry ear-nest man-ner, beg-ging him not to dis-grace him-self by shed-ding the blood of so pi-ti-ful and small a beast.

The lion lis-ten-ed to the pray-er for mer-cy, thought pro-per to do as the mouse de-sir-ed, and im-me-di-ate-ly set him at li-ber-ty. Not long af-ter, roam-ing the fo-rest in pur-suit of his prey, the lion chanc-ed to run into the hun-ter's net, and, not be-ing able to re-lease him-self, he set up a loud roar which rung through the woods.

The mouse hear-ing the voice, and know-ing it to be the lion's, im-me-di-ate-ly went to the place, and bade him fear no-thing, for he was his friend. Then straight he fell to work, and with his small sharp teeth gnaw-ing a-sunder the knots and fas-ten-ings of the net, set the lion at li-ber-ty.

There is no one so poor as not to be able to re-pay a kind-ness. Hence, we ought to be kind to our neigh-bours and ac-quain-tan-ces, for the time may come when we shall need their help.

## TRY AGAIN.

"Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly, by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up, and threw it in the air; but as her brother did not run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

"Ah, now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow. "It was your fault entirely," answered his sister.

"TRY AGAIN, children," said I; and Lucy once more took up the kite; but now John was in too great a hurry—he ran off so suddenly, that he pulled it out of her hand; and the kite fell flat as before.

"Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy.

"TRY AGAIN," said I. They did, and with more care; but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, leaving the poor kite hanging with its head downwards.

I now went to the kite's assistance, and having disengaged the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then TRY AGAIN."

We presently found a nice grass plot, at one side of which I took my stand; and, all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up, just as little John ran off. It rose like a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, who was now greatly delighted, stopped short to look

up-wards. The string slack-en-ed, the kite tot-ter-ed, and, the wind not be-ing ve-ry fa-vour-able, the kite came down to the grass.

"Oh, John, you should not have stop-ped," said I. "How-ever, TRY A-GAIN."

"I will not try any more," re-plied he, ra-ther sul-len-ly. "It is of no use, you see. The kite will not fly, and I do not want to be plagued with it any longer."

"Oh, fie, my lit-tle man! would you give up the sport, af-ter all the pains we have tak-en both to make and to fly the kite? A few dis-ap-point-ments ought not to make us afraid to TRY A-GAIN. Come, I have wound up your string; and now TRY A-GAIN."

And he did try, and suc-ceed-ed, for the kite was car-ried upon the breeze as light-ly as a fea-ther; and when the string was all out, John stood in great de-light, hold-ing fast the stick, and gaz-ing on the kite, which now seem-ed as a lit-tle white speck in the blue sky. "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies!"

Af-ter en-joy-ing the sight as long as he pleas-ed, lit-tle John be-gan to roll up the string slow-ly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee, and car-ri-ed it a-way. "Shall we come out to-mor-row, aunt, af-ter les-sons, and TRY A-GAIN?"

"I have no ob-jec-tion, my dear, if the wea-ther is fine. And now, as we walk home, tell me what you have learnt from your morn-ing's sport?"

"I have learnt to fly my kite pro-per-ly." "You may thank aunt for it, brother," said Lu-cy; "for you would have given it up long a-go, if she had not told you to TRY A-GAIN."

“Yes, my dear chil-dren, I wish to teach you the va-lue of per-se-ve-rance, even when no-thing more de-pends up-on it than the fly-ing of a kite. When-ever you fail in your at-tempts to do any good thing, re-mem-ber to TRY A-GAIN.”

ALTERED FROM CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.



#### THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

One ve-ry sul-try day, a wolf and a lamb hap-pen-ed to come, just at the same time, to quench their thirst in a stream that ran tum-bling down the side of a rocky moun-tain. The wolf stood on the high-er ground, and the lamb at some dis-tance from him, down the cur-rent. How-ever, the wolf, wish-ing to pick a quar-rel with

the lamb, ask-ed him what he meant by dis-turb-ing the wa-ter, and mak-ing it so mud-dy that he could not drink?

The lamb, fright-en-ed at this threat-en-ing and false charge, told the wolf, in a tone as mild as pos-si-ble, that, with hum-ble sub-mis-sion, he could not con-ceive how that could be, since the wa-ter that he drank ran down from the wolf to him, and there-fore it could not be dis-turb-ed so far up the stream.

The wolf could not de-ny that this was true, so he changed the ac-cu-sa-tion. "I have been told that, six months ago, you vile-ly slan-der-ed me, and for this you de-serve to be pun-ish-ed." "That is im-pos-si-ble," re-plied the lamb, "for the time you men-tion was be-fore I was born." The wolf, finding it to no pur-pose to ar-gue a-gainst truth, fell into a pas-sion, and said, "No mat-ter, if it was not you who slan-der-ed me, it was your fa-ther, or some of your re-la-tions, and that is all one." So say-ing, the wolf seiz-ed the poor, in-no-cent, help-less lamb, tore him in pieces, and ate him up.

He who is de-ter-min-ed to com-mit a bad ac-tion, will sel-dom be at a loss for a pre-tence.

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#### THE FOX AND GRAPES.

A fox, ve-ry hun-gry, chanced to come in-to a vine-yard, where there hung ma-n-y bunch-es of charm-ing ripe grapes; but they were nailed up to a wall so high, that al-though the fox leaped till he was quite tired, he was not able

to reach them. At last he says, "Let them take the grapes who wish them; they are sour as crab apples;" and so he left them, and went on his way.

Those who can-not pro-cure things which they de-sire, often give them a bad name, in order to con-ceal their dis-ap-point-ment.

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#### THE PARTY OF PLAYMATES.

Two lit-tle boys went to pass the af-ter-noon and even-ing at the house of one of their play-mates, who had in-vit-ed a par-ty to keep his birth-day. Their pa-rents told them to come home at eight o'clock in the even-ing. It was a beau-ti-ful af-ter-noon, and a large par-ty of boys met at the house of their friend.

The first part of their vi-sit was spent out of doors; and ne-ver did boys en-joy them-selves more hap-pi-ly. They climb-ed the trees, they swung on ropes; and as they jump-ed about and tried all kinds of sports, they made the place ring with their joy-ous shouts. When it be-came too dark for out-door play, they went in-to the house, and com-menced new sports in the par-lour.

As they were in the midst of the mer-ry game of "blind-man's buff," some one en-ter-ed the room, and re-quest-ed them all to take their seats, for ap-ples and nuts were to be brought in. But just as the door was open-ed by the ser-vant, bring-ing in the wait-er, load-ed with ap-ples and nuts, the clock struck eight. The boys who



had been told to come home at that hour, felt great-ly trou-bled. The temp-ta-tion to stay was al-most too strong to be re-sist-ed. The eld-er bro-ther, how-ever, had the cou-rage to whis-per to one at his side, that he must go. Soon there was an up-roar all over the room, each one ex-claim-ing a-against it.

"Why," said one, "my mo-ther told me I might stay till nine."

"My mo-ther," said an-other, "did not say any thing a-bout my com-ing home; she will let me stay as long as I like."

A ti-mid boy, who lived in the next house to the one in which these two lit-tle boys lived, came up and said, with an im-plor-ing look, "I am go-ing home at half-past eight. Now, do stay a lit-tle while long-er, and then we shall go home to-ge-ther. I do not wish to go home a-lone in the dark."

And even the la-dy of the house came to them, and said, "I do not think your mo-ther will be dis-pleas-ed if you stay a few mo-ments long-er, and eat an ap-ple and a few nuts."

Now, what could these poor boys do? How could they re-sist so much en-trea-ty? For a mo-moment they paus-ed, and al-most yield-ed to the temp-ta-tion. But vir-tue wa-ver-ed only for a mo-moment. They im-me-di-ate-ly mus-ter-ed all their cou-rage, and said, "We must go." Has-ti-ly bid-ding all their friends good night, they got their hats as quick-ly as they could, for fear, if they de-lay-ed, they should yield to the temp-ta-tion, and they left the house. They stop-ped not a mo-moment to look back on the bright-ly shin-ing win-dows and the hap-py group of boys with-in; but tak-ing hold of each

other's hand, they ran as fast as they could on their way home.

When they ar-riv-ed, their fa-ther and mo-ther met them with a smile. And when their fa-ther and mo-ther learnt un-der what temp-ta-tion they had been to dis-obey, they look-ed upon their chil-dren with a de-light which they had scarce-ly ever felt be-fore. And when these boys went to bed that night, they felt that they had *done their duty*, and that they had given their pa-rents plea-sure; and these thoughts gave them far more hap-pi-ness than they could have en-joy-ed if they had re-main-ed with their play-mates be-yond the hour which their pa-rents had per-mit-ted.

Now, do you not ad-mire this no-ble proof of the cou-ra-ge of these lit-tle boys, and of their deter-mi-na-tion to do their duty? Go you, then, and do like-wise, and you shall have their re-ward.

ABBOTTS' "CHILD AT HOME."



#### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
E-nough for great and small,  
The oak-tree and the ce-dar-tree,  
With-out a flow-er at all.

We might have had e-nough, e-nough  
For e-ve-ry want of ours,  
For lux-u-ry, me-di-cine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flow-ers.

The ore with-in the moun-tain mine  
Re-quir-eth none to grow,  
Nor doth it need the lo-tus flow-er  
To make the riv-er flow.

The clouds might give a-bun-dant rain,  
The night-ly dews might fall,  
And the herb that keep-eth life in man  
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then where-fore, where-fore were they made,  
All dy'd with rain-bow light,  
All fa-shion'd with su-prem-est grace  
Up-spring-ing day and night—

Spring-ing in val-leys green and low,  
And on the moun-tains high,  
And in the si-lent wil-der-ness  
Where no man pass-es by?

Our out-ward life re-quires them not—  
Then where-fore had they birth?—  
To mi-nis-ter de-light to man,  
To beau-ti-fy the earth—

To com-fort man—to whis-per hope  
When-e'er his faith is dim,  
For who so car-eth for the flow-ers  
Will much more care for him.

MRS HOWITT.

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#### THE STAG.

A stag, quench-ing his thirst in a clear lake,  
was struck with the beau-ty of his horns, which  
he saw re-flect-ed in the wa-ter. At the same

time, ob-serv-ing the ex-treme length and slender-ness of his legs, "What a pity it is," said he, "that so fine a crea-ture should be fur-nish-ed with so des-pi-cable a set of spin-dle-shanks! What a tru-ly no-ble ani-mal I should be, were my legs in any de-gree an-swer-able to my horns!"

In the midst of this vain talk, the stag was a-larm-ed by the cry of a pack of hounds. He im-me-di-ate-ly bound-ed o-ver the ground, and left his pur-su-ers so far be-hind that he might have e-scap-ed; but go-ing in-to a thick wood, his horns were en-tan-gled in the branch-es of the trees, where he was held till the hounds came up, and tore him in pie-ces.

In his last mo-ments he thus ex-claim-ed: "How ill do we judge of our own true ad-van-ta-ges! The legs which I de-spis-ed would have borne me a-way in safe-ty, had not my fa-vou-rite ant-lers brought me to ru-in."

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#### WILLIAM AND EDWARD.

Wil-liam and Ed-ward were two cle-ver lit-tle boys, and not at all ill-na-tur-ed; but they were very fond of sport, and they did not care whe-ther peo-ple were hurt or not, pro-vid-ed they could but laugh. So, one fine sum-mer day, when they had said their les-sons, they took a walk through the long grass in the mea-dows.

Wil-liam be-gan to blow the down from the dan-de-li-ons, and the seeds flew away in the wind; but Ed-ward said, "Let us tie the grass; it will be ve-ry good sport to tie the long grass

over the foot-path, and to see people tumble up-on their faces as they run along, and do not suspect any thing of the matter." So, they tied the grass in several places, and then hid them-selves, to see who would pass.

And, pre-sent-ly, a far-mer's boy came trudging a-long, and down he tum-bled, and lay sprawl-ing on the ground; how-e-ver, he had no-thing to do but to get up again, so there was not much harm done this time. Then there came Su-san, the milk-maid, trip-ping a-long with her milk-pail upon her shoul-ders, and sing-ing like a lark. When her foot struck a-gainst the tied grass, down she came with her pail, and her milk was all spill-ed upon the ground.

Then Ed-ward pi-ti-ed poor Su-san, and said, "I think I should not like to be serv-ed so my-self; let us un-tie the grass." "No, no," said Wil-liam, "I see a man run-ning a-long as if he were run-ning for a wa-ger. I am sure he will fall when he comes up." And so the man did, and Wil-liam and Ed-ward both laugh-ed; but when the man did not get up a-gain, they be-gan to be fright-en-ed, and went up to him and ask-ed him if he was hurt.

"Oh, masters!" said the man, "some thought-less boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass to-ge-ther over the path, and as I was run-ning with all my might, it threw me down, and I have sprain-ed my an-kle so that I shall not be able to walk for a month." "I am ve-ry sor-ry," said Ed-ward; "have you much pain?" "Oh yes!" said the man; "but that I do not mind: but I was go-ing in a great hur-ry to fetch a sur-geon to bleed a gen-tle-man who

is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled."

Then Edward and Wil-liam both turned pale with fright, and said, "Where does the surgeon live? we will go for him, and will run all the way." "He lives at the next town," said the man, "but it is a mile off, and you can-not run so fast as I should have done; you are only boys." "Where must we tell the sur-geon to come to?" said Wil-liam. "He must go to the white house at the end of the long chestnut avenue," said the man; "he is a very good gen-tle-man that lives there." "Oh it is papa! it is our dear father!" said the two boys. "Oh, he will die; what must we do?"

I do not know whether their papa died or not; I believe he got well again. But I am sure of one thing, that Edward and Wil-liam never tied the grass to throw people down again as long as they lived.

MRS BARBAULD.

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#### THE OLD MAN AND THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

An old man had many sons, who were often quar-rell-ing with each other. When the father had used every means in his power to re-con-cile them, and make them live at peace with each other, but all to no purpose, he had re-course to the fol-low-ing plan. He or-der-ed his sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought. He then de-

sired them, one by one, to try if, with all their might and strength, any one of them could break it. They all tried, but none could break it; for the sticks being closely bound up together, it was im-pos-sible.

After these attempts had failed, the father order-ed the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding each try to break it. This all did with the greatest ease. The father now address-ed these foolish lads. "Behold the power of union. The sticks which you could not break when united, you broke at once when single. Let this ad-mo-nish you to refrain from quarrell-ing, and to keep yourselves strictly joined in the bonds of friendship, by which it will not be in the power of any one to hurt you." The sons did not forget this va-lu-able lesson.

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#### JOHN RILEY AND HIS TOY SHIP.

Sometimes men do very unjust and cruel things to each other. There are persons called slave-traders, who go to Af-ri-ca in large ships, and there they buy, or steal away, the natives of the country, who are black in colour, or negroes. Having put the negroes on board their vessels, the traders carry them to other countries, at a great distance across the sea, and there they sell them as slaves to planters, as if they were so many cattle.

This vile trade of buying and selling men and women is not car-ri-ed on in this country,

because the law will not allow it, and because the people are not so wicked as to wish to commit such cruelty. And so, when we see a person with a black skin, we know that he is not a slave but a free man, who can go where he likes.

I will tell you a story about a poor black man, called John Riley, who came to England as a sailor some years ago. When he landed from the vessel at Ports-mouth, he was paid off by the captain, and though he tried very much to get work, no one would employ him. Some said they had plenty of labour-ers already, and others were so unjust as to refuse employing him, because he had a skin with a different colour from their own.

At length, John spent all the money which he had got for wages when a sailor, and he was reduced to a state of great poverty. Being a very industrious man, he thought of trying to live by making little wooden ships, and selling them to boys. So, he got a small block of wood, and by means of his knife, he cut it into the form of a ship. It had a sharp keel, rounded sides, and a neat flat deck. He next placed small sticks in the deck for masts, and on these he put threads to look like the ropes which are usually seen on ships. He then painted the little vessel, and put a flag at its stern.

Having now finished his task, John went along the streets with his ship in his hand, to show that he wished to sell it. But no one asked him the price of it, nor wished to buy it from him. Being at last very tired with walking, and being faint with hunger, he sat down



on a bench to rest. While he was sitting there, waiting for some kind person to speak to him, there came out from school a great number of boys, and they, thinking it fun, began to throw stones and mud at the poor black man.



This, however, was not fun, but great wickedness and cruelty. They drove the friendless stranger from his seat, and one of the stones fell upon the toy ship and broke it. John was so much distressed with this misfortune, that he burst into tears; but he was not angry with his tormentors, for he knew that they sinned from ignorance, and would perhaps be afterwards sorry for what they had done.

As poor John Riley stood crying over the wreck of his vessel, Mr Harley, a good-hearted gentleman, came up, and asked what was the cause of his tears. John was very glad to have any one to pity him, and so he told him that he

was a poor stranger, who was trying to gain a living by making toy ships, but that the one which he had made was now broken by a stone thrown at him by a schoolboy. He also pointed out the boy among the crowd who had thrown the stone, and Mr Harley was shocked to see that it was his own son, Charles.

Mr Harley con-si-der-ed for a little time what he should do with Charles; and when he had made up his mind, he asked John Riley to come to his house at four o'clock. John said he would come at that hour, and he ac-cord-ing-ly went, and was shown into Mr Harley's private room. Mr Harley now de-sir-ed that his son Charles should come to him. When Charles en-ter-ed, he was much as-to-nish-ed to see the poor black man whom he had that day chased with stones, and he shrunk abashed into a corner. But his father called him to come forward, and asked what harm the black man had done that he should be pelted with stones. But Charles could not answer. His father now told him how negroes only differed from white persons in their colour, and that no man should be abused because he had a dif-fer-ent-ly colour-ed skin. Besides, that this was a poor stranger, and on that account alone he should be treated kindly. "How should you like," said Mr Harley, "to go to a country where all the people are black, and there be pelted with stones because your skin was white?"

This caused Charles to cry with bitter shame, and he now re-pent-ed deeply of what he had done. He was so much humbled, that he begged his father to forgive him; but his father would not forgive him till he had also begged

pardon of the black man, and given him all the pocket-money which he had saved up for the holidays, so as to pay for the loss of his ship. Charles willingly did as his father bade him, and so he was forgiven; and he never afterwards was known to ill treat any persons, whatever was the colour of their skin.

Mr Harley was so much pleased with the modesty and honest character of John Riley, that he hired him as a servant for the house; and here he lived many years in great comfort, respected by all who knew him.



#### THE MILK-MAID.

A country maid, who was walking very quietly with a pail of milk upon her head, fell into the following train of thought:—"The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may be destroyed by vermin, or otherwise, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price; so that by May-day I cannot fail of having money enough to buy a new gown.

Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall, perhaps, refuse every one of them, and, with an air of disdain, toss from

them!" Trans-ported with this tri-um-phant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her mind, when down fell the pail of milk, and with it all her hopes of future happiness.

When we dwell much on distant and un-certain pleasures, we neglect our present bu-si-ness, and are exposed to real mis-for-tunes.

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#### FANNY AND HER DOG FRISK.

Fanny Howard was a lively little girl. She had no brother nor sister, and her only play-fellow was her dog, whose name was Frisk.

Frisk was a merry fellow; he was never tired of play. He had been taught to fetch and carry; and when he saw any thing lie upon the ground, he used always to take it up in his mouth, and carry it to Fanny, his little mistress. Sometimes he would pick up an apple, or a pear, or a plum, that had fallen from the trees in the garden, and Fanny loved such presents very much; but she was not always so well pleased with the things Frisk brought her, for he had once given her a lump of dirt, and had twice laid a greasy bone on the book in which she was reading a story.

If Fanny was angry with him for such tricks, he would stand at a little distance, look up in her face, wag his tail, and now and then bark very softly, as much as to say, "Forgive me." Then Fanny could not be angry any longer; she would smile, and stroke him, and say, "Pretty Frisk;" and away went Frisk, as happy as any dog in the world, and the next

stone or bone he found was sure to pop into Fanny's lap.

One day, Fanny was going out to dinner with papa and mamma. She was very neatly dressed in a muslin frock, and was sitting on a stool beside her mamma in the parlour, waiting till her papa should be ready; when in ran Frisk, and, leaping up to Fanny, dropped a great frog into her lap. Fanny screamed, and jumped from her seat, and the frog fell on the floor. "Do not scream, Fanny," said her mamma, "that poor frog cannot hurt you; see how it sits and pants. It is ready to die with fear, or perhaps the dog's teeth have hurt it. Ring the bell, that James may come and carry the poor harmless creature back to its home." When the frog was put on the grass a little way from the edge of the pond, it made one great leap, and was in the water in a moment. Fanny's frock was stained with the wet feet of the frog; she was forced to go up stairs to change it; and Frisk, who found that he had done something wrong, crept away, and lay down in a corner.

"I shall never love Frisk again," said Fanny. "That is very wrong," said her mamma; "Frisk has been taught to play tricks, and when he brings you any thing you like, you stroke him, and praise him. I suppose Frisk saw the frog hopping on the grass, and thought it would please you to see it hop in the parlour; you tried to teach him to bring you the kitten, and how should a dog know that you do not like frogs as well as kittens?" Fanny thought that was very true, and when she got home, she forgave Frisk; but she told him again and again, never to bring her any thing that was alive. Frisk

wagged his tail; but, wise as he looked, he knew nothing about the matter.

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A few days after this, as Fanny was walking with her maid, Frisk picked up a young linnet that had fallen out of its nest in a high tree, and laid it at Fanny's feet. Fanny was delighted, and ran home with her bird. "Poor little thing!" said her mamma; "we shall take care of it till it can fly, and then let it go." "Ah no," cried Fanny, "we shall keep it always; I will feed it, and soon teach it to love me." "My dear child," said her mamma, "it will never love you as it will love the fields, and the trees, and the air. It is true, we see birds in cages, which eat the seed that is given to them; and sing, and flutter their little wings, as if they were very well pleased; but once leave their cage-door open, and away they fly to seek their own food, to sing upon the tall trees, and build their own little nests. Never do they come back to the cages, or to the hands that used to feed them. But your linnet is too young and too helpless to be left to himself; he would be starved if you were to let him fly away till he is older, for we know not where to find his nest and his mother."

The linnet was put into a cage; and he grew, and began to sing. Fanny fed him herself, and he became so tame, that he would hop out of his cage on the table and on the ground. One day, a strange cat found the door of the room open where the bird was hung up in his cage; the linnet was sitting upon his perch singing, and the cat crouched down, and watched the pretty

little bird, till at last she made a great spring upon the cage, and pulled it down to the ground. The poor linnet, panting, and almost dying with fear, flew from side to side of its cage, while the savage creature strove to catch him through the wires with her sharp claws. She had torn some of the feathers out of his wings and tail, and would very soon have killed him, had not Frisk just then run into the room. Frisk howled, barked, and made so loud a noise that the servant heard him, and came to see what was the matter. Then the strange cat was soon driven out of doors, and the poor little trembling linnet hung up in his cage again: but for two whole days he did not sing a note. After that, he forgot his fright, and was as lively and merry as before. Fanny praised Frisk very much indeed for his kindness to the little bird.

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One fine morning, Fanny put the cage on a table near the window. The window was open, and so was the door of the cage. Fanny sat on the window-seat. She thought that if her bird came too near, she would catch him or shut the window in a moment. The linnet sung and hopped in and out of his cage, and round and round the table. Fanny never moved her eyes from him, but at last he spread his wings, and was gone before she could lift a hand to stop him. She flew into the garden. Frisk was going to follow. "Get back, you great creature," cried Fanny, "you will frighten my darling." Frisk hung down his head, and went back. The linnet had perched on a tree. He looked at Fanny, he sung to Fanny, but all her

coaxing and her tears could not bring him back to her and his cage. At last, when she tried to climb up the tree to catch him, he stretched out his wings and flew over the garden wall, and Fanny lost sight of him for ever. She cried a long time for the loss of her bird; but when she saw Frisk, she said to herself, "It almost serves me right. I have known Frisk longer than I did the linnet, and I ought always to have loved him best. The linnet will be much more happy among the trees, and fields, and hedges, than he was in my cage; but Frisk would not be so happy any where as he is with me: so I will hear the birds sing out of doors, but my merry Frisk shall be my play-fellow still. Come to me, best of dogs." He came. She patted his sides, and he jumped and frisked about his dear little mistress, but never brought her any more birds or frogs, though he did now and then make her a present of a bone or a stone, or some such thing, that was not quite clean enough to lay upon a white frock in the lap of a little girl.

PRESENTS FOR GOOD GIRLS.

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### THE ORANGE-MAN,

OR THE HONEST BOY AND THE THIEF.

Charles was the name of the honest boy; and Ned was the name of the thief.

Charles never took what was not his own; and therefore was an honest boy. Ned often took what was not his own; and therefore was a thief.

Charles's father and mother, when he was a



very little boy, had taught him to be honest, by always pu-nish-ing him when he meddled with what was not his own : but when Ned took what was not his own, his father and mother did not check him ; so he grew up to be a thief.

Early one summer morning, as Charles was going along the road to school, he met a man leading a horse, which was laden with panniers.

The man stopped at the door of a public-house, at the side of the road, and said to the landlord, who came to the door, " I shall not have my horse unloaded ; I shall only stop with you while I eat my breakfast. Give my horse to some one to hold here on the road, and let the horse have a little hay to eat."

The landlord called, but there was no one in the way ; so he beck-on-ed to Charles, who was going by, and begged him to hold the horse.

" Oh," said the man, " but can you answer for his being an honest boy ? for there are oranges in my baskets ; and it is not every little boy one can leave with oranges."

" Yes," said the landlord, " I have known Charles from the cradle upwards, and I never caught him in a lie or a theft ; all the parish knows him to be an honest boy ; I will warrant your oranges will be as safe with him as if you watched them yourself."

" Can you so ?" said the orange-man ; " then I will engage, my lad, to give you the finest orange in my basket, when I come from breakfast, if you will watch the rest while I am away."

" Yes," said Charles ; " I will take care of your oranges."

So the man put the bridle in his hand, and he went into the house to eat his breakfast.

Charles had watched the horse and the oranges about five minutes, when he saw one of his school-fellows coming towards him. As he came nearer, Charles saw that it was Ned.

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Ned stopped as he passed, and said, "Good morning to you, Charles; what are you doing there?—whose horse is that?—and what have you in the baskets?"

"There are oranges in the baskets," said Charles; "and a man, who is just gone into the inn here to eat his breakfast, bade me take care of them, and so I did; and he said he would give me an orange when he came back again."

"An orange!" cried Ned; "are you to have a whole orange? I wish I was to have one! However, let me look how large they are." Saying this, Ned went towards the pannier, and lifted up the cloth that covered it. "La! what fine oranges!" he exclaimed, the moment he saw them. "Let me touch them, to feel if they are ripe."

"No," said Charles; "you had better not; what signifies it to you whether they are ripe, you know, since you are not to eat them; you should not meddle with them; they are not yours—you must not touch them."

"Not touch them!—sure," said Ned, "there is no harm in touching them. You do not think I mean to steal them, I suppose." So Ned put his hand into the orange-man's basket, and he took up an orange, and he felt it;

and when he had felt it, he smelled it. "It smells very sweet," said he; "and it feels very ripe; I long to taste it; I will only just suck one drop of juice at the top." Saying these words, he put the orange to his mouth.

Little boys, who wish to be honest, beware of temp-ta-tion. People are led on, by little and little, to do wrong.

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The sight of the oranges tempted Ned to touch them; the touch tempted him to smell them; and the smell tempted him to taste them.

"What are you about, Ned?" cried Charles, taking hold of his arm. "You said you only wanted to smell the oranges; do put it down; for shame!"

"Do not say for shame to me," cried Ned, in a surly tone; "the oranges are not yours, Charles!"

"No, they are not mine; but I promised to take care of them, and so I will; so put down that orange."

"Oh, if it comes to that, I will not," said Ned; "and let us see who can make me, if I do not choose it; I am stronger than you."

"I am not afraid of you, for all that," replied Charles; "for I am in the right." Then he snatched the orange out of Ned's hand; and he pushed him with all his force from the basket.

Ned im-me-diate-ly re-turn-ed, and hit him a violent blow, which almost stunned him.

Still, however, this good boy, without minding the pain, per-se-ver-ed in de-fend-ing what was left in his care: he still held the bridle with one

hand, and co-ver-ed the basket with his other arm as well as he could.

Ned struggled in vain to get his hands into the panniers again; he could not: and, finding that he could not win by strength, he had recourse to cunning. So he pretended to be out of breath and to desist; but he meant, as soon as Charles looked away, to creep softly round to the basket on the other side.

Cunning people, though they think themselves very wise, are almost always very silly.

Ned, intent upon one thing—the getting round to steal oranges—forgot that, if he went too close to the horse's heels, he should startle him. The horse, indeed, dis-turb-ed by the bustle near him, had already left off eating his hay, and began to put down his ears; but, when he felt something touch his hind legs, he gave a sudden kick, and Ned fell backwards just as he had seized the orange.

Ned screamed with pain; and at the scream all the people came out of the public-house to see what was the matter; and amongst them came the orange-man. Ned was now so much ashamed that he almost forgot the pain, and wished to run away; but he was so much hurt, that he was obliged to sit down again.

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The truth of the matter was soon told by Charles, and as soon believed by all the people present who knew him; for he had the character of being an honest boy, and Ned was known to be a thief and a liar.

So nobody pitied Ned for the pain he felt.

"He deserves it," said one; "why did he meddle with what was not his own?" Charles was the only one who said nothing; he helped Ned away; for boys that are brave are always good-natured.

"Come here," said the orange-man, calling him; "come here, my honest lad," and so he led Charles into the midst of the men, women, and children who had gathered around. The orange-man now took off Charles's hat, and filled it with fine China oranges. "There, my little friend," said he; "take them, and God bless you with them! If I could afford it, you should have all that is in my baskets."

Then the people, and especially the children, shouted for joy; but as soon as there was silence, Charles said to the orange-man, "Thank you, sir, with all my heart; but I cannot take your oranges; only that one I earned. I will not be paid for being honest; so take the rest back again; but I thank you as much as if I had them." Saying these words, Charles offered to pour the oranges back into the basket; but the man would not let him.

"Then," said Charles, "if they are honestly mine, I may give them away." So he emptied the hat amongst the children, his companions. "Divide them amongst you," said he; and without waiting for their thanks, he pressed through the crowd and ran towards home. The children all followed him, clapping their hands, and thanking him.

The little thief came limping after. Nobody praised him; nobody thanked him. He had no oranges to eat, nor had he any to give away. *People must be honest before they can be gene-*

rous. Ned sighed, as he went towards home. "And all this," said he to himself, "was for one orange; it is not worth while."

No; it is never worth while to do wrong.

Little boys who read this story, consider which you would have rather been—the *honest boy* or the *thief*.

ABRIDGED FROM MISS EDGEWORTH.

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### THE NEGRO BOYS.

There was once a little boy named William, who had never seen any negroes, or persons who had dark skins, and when at last he saw a negro, he thought that his face and hands were dirty, like those of a sweep.

He said to his mother—"If that negro were to drink out of my basin of bread and milk, would not his mouth soil it? are not his hands and face dirty?"

"Not in the least; his hands and face are as clean as yours, though they look so black. Every thing that is black is not dirty. Do you think my black silk gown is dirty?"

"Oh no," said William; "that it is not. Nor the black ink-stand, unless I drop some of the ink upon it."

Some time after this, his mother took William to a school where there were a few negro boys learning to read and write, for negro boys can learn at school just as cleverly as white boys. The master allowed the boys to talk to William, and they talked to him, and shook hands with him, and showed him that their hands were not

dirty, though their colour was black. "And how did you come from your country, such a great way off?" asked William.

"We came in a ship," said one of the boys; "and we were a great many days coming."

"And for what did you come such a long way?"

"We came to learn to read and write, and a great many other things. We have no schools in our country."

"And do the little boys there do nothing but play about all day?"

"Yes," returned the black boy; "but then when they grow up to be men, they have learned nothing; so they can do nothing well."

"Then, I daresay, you like this country best?" said William.

"No, I do not," said the boy; "because it is so cold in winter. In our country we never have any ice or snow; it never freezes; and here I am almost frozen to death."

"But you cannot make snow-balls, and you cannot slide upon the ice," said William. "I should not like your country."

"Oh, but you would, for it is always summer with us; and we have plenty of nice fruit and pretty flowers. Then we bathe and swim about in the water when we are too hot; and we climb high trees; and it is much more pleasant than this cold country. But I like to learn what is useful here, and then when I go back, I shall teach the other people who are of the same colour as myself."

## THE LIAR AND THE BOY OF TRUTH.

Frank and Robert were two little boys, about eight years old.

Whenever Frank did any thing wrong, he always told his father and mother of it; and when any body asked him about any thing which he had done or said, he always told the *truth*, so that every body who knew him believed him.

But nobody who knew his brother Robert believed a word he said, because he used to tell *lies*. Whenever he did any thing wrong, he did not run to his father and mother to tell them of it; but when they asked him about it, he denied it, and said he had not done the things which he had done.

The reason that Robert told lies was, because he was afraid of being punished for his faults, if he confessed them. He was a coward, and could not bear the least pain; but Frank was a brave boy, and could bear to be punished for little faults; his mother never punished him so much for such little faults, as she did Robert for the lies which he told, and which she found out afterwards.

One evening, these two little boys were playing together in a room by themselves; their mother was ironing in a room next to them, and their father was out at work in the fields, so there was nobody in the room with Robert and Frank; but there was a little dog, Trusty, lying by the fireside.

Trusty was a pretty playful little dog, and the children were very fond of him.



"Come," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire, asleep; let us go and waken him, and he will play with us."

"Oh yes, do let us," said Frank; so they both ran together towards the hearth to waken the dog.

Now, there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth; and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood, for it was behind them. As they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out of it over the hearth and about the floor. And when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened; but they did not know what to do: they stood for some time looking at the broken basin and the milk, without speaking.

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Robert spoke first. "So, we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and he sighed.

"No milk for supper!—why not?" said Frank; "is there no more milk in the house?"

"Yes, but we shall have none of it; for do not you remember last Monday, when we threw down the milk, my mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so, we should have no more; and this is the next time; so we shall have no milk for supper to-night."

"Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all; we will take care another time; there's no great harm done; come, let us run and tell our mother. You know she bid-

us always tell her directly, when we break any thing; so come," said he, taking hold of his brother's hand.

"I will come just now," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank. Can't you stay a minute?" So Frank stayed; and then he said, "Come now, Robert." But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer; for I dare not go yet; I am afraid."

Little boys, I advise you never be afraid to tell the truth; never say, "Stay a minute," and "Stay a little longer," but run directly and tell of what you have done that is wrong.

Frank said no more; but as his brother would not come, he went without him. He opened the door of the next room, where he thought his mother was ironing; but when he went in, he saw that she was gone; and he thought she was gone to fetch more clothes to iron. The clothes, he knew, were hanging on the bushes in the garden; and he ran after her to tell her what had happened.

Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone, he was thinking of some excuses to make to his mother; and he was sorry that Frank was gone to tell her the truth. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper. I am sorry Frank would go to tell her about it."

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Just as he said this to himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs; and then this naughty cowardly boy determined to tell his

mother a lie. So when she came into the room, and asked, "Who did this?" Robert said, "I don't know."

"You don't know, Robert! Tell me the truth. I shall not be angry with you, child. You will only lose the milk at supper; and as for the basin, I would rather have you break all the basins I have, than tell me a lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?"

"No, mother, I did not," said Robert, and he coloured like fire.

"Then where is Frank? did he do it?"

"No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it.

"How do you know," said the mother, "that Frank did not do it?"

"Because—because—because, mother," said Robert, hesitating, as liars do for an excuse; "because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it."

"Then how was the basin thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time, you can tell."

Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, "I suppose the dog must have done it."

"Did you see him do it?" said his mother.

"Yes," said this wicked boy.

"Trusty, Trusty," said she, turning round; and Trusty, who was lying before the fire drying his legs, which were wet with milk, jumped up and came to her. Then she said, "Fie! fie! Trusty," pointing to the milk. "Get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this."

Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother: he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother; and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same as he had done.

"No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank. "What! is Trusty to be beat? He did not throw down the milk, and he shall not be beat for it. Let me go to my mother."

They both ran towards the house. Robert got home first, and he locked the house-door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother.

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Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but he could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window.

"Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!" cried he, as loud as ever he could call; Trusty did not do it; let me in; Robert and I did it, but do not beat Robert."

"Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's; "I am just come from work, and here is the door locked."

Robert turned as pale as ashes when he heard his father's voice; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie.

His mother went to the door, and unlocked it.

"What is all this?" cried his father, as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened.

"Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" said he.

Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again."

But his father caught hold of him by the arm; "I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped till he cried so loud with pain that the whole neighbourhood could hear him.

"There," said his father, when he had done, "now go without supper. You are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served!" Then turning to Frank, "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and every body is pleased with you. And now I will tell you what I will do for you. I will give you the little dog Trusty, to be your own dog. You shall feed him, and take care of him, and he shall be your dog; you have saved him from a beating; and, I will answer for it, you will be a good master to him. Trusty, Trusty, come here."

Trusty came. Then Frank's father took off Trusty's collar. "To-morrow, I will go to the brazier's," added he; "and get a new collar made for your dog: from this day forward, he shall always be called after you, Frank! And, wife, whenever any of the neighbours' children ask why the dog Trusty is to be called Frank, tell them this story of our two boys: let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth."



## THE YOUNG HARES.

Little James Trueman and his brother Richard having a holiday on Saturday afternoon, asked their father if they might go into the field to see Roger mow. Their father gave them leave; and the little boys set off with great glee. They were much pleased with observing how nicely and smoothly Roger cut the grass, and laid it in even rows; and they took care to keep out of the way of his long scythe, which their father had told them to do.

After they had been some time in the field, they heard a little squeak. Roger laid down his scythe, to look what it was, and found two poor young hares, which, if he had not happened to see just in time, would have been cut by his scythe, and then Roger and both the little boys would have been very sorry; for none of them liked to hurt anything, because

they did not like to be hurt themselves. Roger took the hares up very carefully by their long ears, and, putting them into Richard's hat, desired him to take them to his mamma.

The little boy was much delighted with his prize, and carried them very gently. "What have you there?" said Mrs Trueman, when he came into the room. "Two pretty little hares, mamma, that were lying snug in the grass, and were in danger of being cut with Roger's scythe; and then he would have been very sorry; for you know, mamma, Roger is a good-natured man, and would not hurt any thing."

"I am glad they were not hurt," said his mamma; "and we must put them into a safe place, and take care of them, till they are able to take care of themselves." She then desired the little boys to take them into the summer-house in the garden; and told them they must remember to feed them well every day with parsley and young cabbage-leaves, and give them some milk to drink; for it would be very cruel to let them be without food now when they have no mother to provide for them.

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James and Richard were very attentive to what their mother said, and took the little hares directly to the summer-house, where they gave them some soft hay to lie upon, and a handful of parsley to eat, and a saucer full of milk; and when they came out again, they took care to shut the door fast, that the dog might not get in.

The poor hares were at first very much frightened, and sat trembling in a corner, with their ears laid close upon their backs, and were afraid to come out to eat any of their food: they ventured, however, to eat some of it next morning; but when the little boys came to see them, they ran into the corner again.

James and his brother went to visit their prisoners very often; and they in time became so well acquainted with the little boys, that they came running to meet them whenever they entered the summer-house; and when they took them upon their knees, they would drum upon their waistcoats with their fore-feet.

James and Richard had taken such good care of their charge, that in two or three months they had grown fine large hares; and their papa and mamma told them they were now large enough to take care of themselves, and would like better to run at liberty through the fields and woods, than to be confined in a small room.

The boys were very sorry to part from their play-fellows; but as they believed the hares would like better to be turned out, each of them took one, and carrying both into a fine green meadow, set them down upon the grass; and the hares, quite delighted to find themselves at liberty, pricked up their ears and scampered away, and were through the hedge and out of sight in a minute.

The little boys came running back to tell their papa and mamma that they had turned the hares out to ramble wherever they pleased;



and were very happy to think how much they would enjoy themselves.

TALES FROM NATURE.

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### THE LAME GIRL.

London is the largest and most beautiful city in England, and there live in it a very great number of people, some rich and some poor. At one time there lived in the finest part of London a gentleman named Mr Belmore, who had a little daughter called Laura. Now, Laura was thought to be a very pretty girl. She had a beautiful rosy face, with white flaxen hair falling in curls over her shoulders; and as she had always elegant clothes, she had a pretty appearance, and all who saw her admired her very much.

It happened that Laura's mother was a woman fond of going to plays and balls, and other places of public amusement, and she had therefore little time to instruct or care for her daughter Laura. She only saw her now and then, and left her chiefly to be nursed and taught by servants. This was a serious misfortune for Laura, because the servants took little pains to teach her any thing that was good or useful, and spoiled her by continually praising her beauty.

They used to say—"Oh! what a beautiful creature you are—all will love you for your fine looks—and you will some day be a great lady." Well, Laura soon came to think so much of herself that she scarcely cared for learning her lessons, and she grew up an ignorant and conceited young lady.

Near the place where Laura's father resided, there lived in a back street a poor woman, whose husband had been a printer; but he had died of fever, and left his wife and a little daughter, Emma, without any means of living. But this widow was very industrious, and at times gladly went to Mr Belmore's house to do various kinds of needlework for the family. At these visits, she took Emma with her, as she had no one to take care of her at home; and so in course of time Laura and Emma knew each other a little.

Emma was a modest and quiet child. Soon after she could walk, it was seen that she had a lame foot, and this caused her to limp in walking, and also kept her from romping like other children. As she grew up, her mother told her that she must do all in her power to learn, for it would only be by teaching others that she could gain a livelihood. Emma, however, did not require much telling to make her learn. She was fond of her books and of going to school; and at ten years of age she could sew, and knit, and darn, besides knowing many useful branches of learning.

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Laura did not see Emma very often after she grew up. She became so proud, that she would scarcely speak to the poor lame girl, when she came to the house with her mother; but Emma did not mind this, for she was of a humble mind, and did not expect to be noticed by persons higher than herself.

Laura's vanity did not lessen as she became older. She was more vain of her fine face than

ever, and so were both her father and mother. They thought there never had been so beautiful a girl in the world. In short, Laura was completely spoiled. Well, after a time, when Laura was about fifteen years of age, and was full of high expectations, a terrible misfortune took place.

She was seized with small-pox, and only recovered from the illness with the entire loss of her beauty. Her face, instead of being smooth and fair, was now deeply marked; and her hair, which once flowed over her shoulders in ringlets, and which she was so vain of combing at the glass, was now cut very short, and afterwards grew of a coarse quality. To add to her misfortunes, her father died, leaving little or no property, and so Laura and her mother were almost destitute.

We shall now see what was the fate of poor lame Emma. When only fourteen years of age, she was placed by her mother as a teacher in a school for girls, where she was greatly esteemed for her good temper and ability, and was very happy. One day, a gentleman who was an eminent surgeon in London, went to the school to see the children examined; and he was so much pleased with Emma's manners and skill in teaching, that he offered to try to cure her lameness.

Emma was very thankful for the offer, and so, to the surprise of every one, Emma's foot was speedily put to rights; and now she was as handsome in person as she was amiable in mind. To make her still more happy, she became the wife of the surgeon, and went to live in the very house which had once

been Mr Belmore's, and from which Laura had just gone away. But Emma was not puffed up with pride, notwithstanding this good fortune. She was kind to all about her, and not the least of her good actions was taking care of Laura. She instructed her in many things which she knew; and as Laura's pride was now humbled, she was glad to become a teacher of children, as Emma once had been. And in this useful calling she spent the rest of her life.

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THE BOY, THE DOG, AND THE ASS.

A certain little boy called Tommy, whose parents were very poor, often thought how much he should like to have a little dog of his own; for he had no brother, nor sister, nor any thing to love besides his parents. "Oh!" he used to say to himself, "if I might but have a little

dog, I think I should be quite happy ; but still I know that my father and mother could not afford to keep one, therefore I must try to be contented."

Now, one day, as Tommy was crossing the common, there came a pretty dog fawning upon him and licking his hands. And he felt very glad, for he thought the dog must love him or it would not have seemed so pleased. When he drew near his mother's door, the dog was still by his side, and his heart began to beat, and a tear started to his eye, as he thought of having to drive the dog away, for he felt as if he could not bear to part with any thing that loved him.

So he put the animal into an out-house for the night; and next day he went about asking if any one had lost a little dog like the one he had found. No one owned the dog, and the boy hoped he should have been able to keep it, but his mother forbade him doing so, as they could not afford to give it food.

The boy, therefore, went and opened the small out-house, and calling the dog, he went slowly along the lane, not knowing how he should send it away. As he stood looking sorrowfully at his favourite, a very kind-looking gentleman came up, and asked the cause of his grief; and when he had heard the cause, he offered to give the boy a shilling a-week to come and pluck weeds and work in his garden; and with this money he might buy food for his dog. The boy thankfully accepted the offer, and went three days every week to the gentleman's garden, and every Saturday he received a shilling for his work.

Now, the dog's food only cost fourpence a-week, so that the boy had eightpence left out of the shilling: this eightpence he always laid by in a corner of the box wherein he kept his clothes, meaning to save it for six months, and at the end of this time to buy something with it for his mother. Now, this eightpence a-week came to two shillings and eightpence a-month, and at the end of six months he had saved sixteen shillings.

With this money he meant to buy a gown and a shawl for his mother, without letting her know; and so, one fine morning when going on an errand, he put the money into his pocket, intending to spend it before he came back.

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On the way he saw three boys driving an ass, and beating it in a most cruel manner. One boy was urging it on by striking it behind with a prickly furze bush, and two were pulling it by a halter in front, and otherwise abusing it. Tommy now ran up and called upon the boys to give over; but they told him the ass was stupid, and that they must drive it onward to the town to be sold.

Tommy knew that his father had often wished he could afford to buy an ass to carry his plants and fruits to market; and the thought came into his mind, that if he had money enough to purchase this nice-looking donkey, perhaps he should be doing more real good than by buying a gown and shawl for his mother; for his father was an old man, and not very able to carry his goods to market himself.

And so, Tommy asked one of the boys how much the ass would be sold for? He said they could not tell, but that his father would overtake them in a few minutes, and he could tell him. Meantime, Tommy patted the beaten sides of the ass, and hoped that the price of it would not be more than the sum he had in his pocket.

After a little time, the man came up; and when Tommy asked what was the price of the ass, he said that it was eighteen shillings. Now, this was two shillings more than the good little boy had to give, and he was exceedingly sorry. And he told the man that he had no more than sixteen shillings, which he would willingly give in exchange for the ass.

The man refused at first, but afterwards he accepted the offer, and gave the halter of the ass into the boy's hand. Tommy was now one of the happiest boys in the world, for he felt that he had been able to do a good action with money which he had honestly earned. So he led away the ass in triumph through the village.

But when he came to his own cottage door, neither his father nor his mother could imagine what was the matter, and the boy could not tell them, for his heart was full, and his eyes were in tears. He could not speak for joy, though he wished to say—Father, I have bought you an ass with my savings. So he sat down on the door-step, and fancied how his poor old father would look when he first took his grey ass with him to market, and would no longer be faint from carrying too heavy loads.

Although Tommy did not speak, his father at

length saw what it all meant; and laying his hand on his boy's head, he blessed him, with as fervent a blessing as ever came from a parent's heart. And when the parents went to rest, they thanked God for having given them so good a son.

ALTERED FROM MRS JERRAM.

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**THE GLORY OF THE CREATOR.**

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes in every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up her wond'rous tale,  
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst these radiant orbs be found—

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice—  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
“*The hand that made us is divine.*”

ADDISON.





## THE BURNT CHILD.

A little girl, whose name was Emma, happened one day to be left in the room by herself, while her mother went to speak to one of the servants. Emma was four years old; and her mother thought a girl of that age might surely be trusted by herself, without any danger of doing mischief; but Emma very foolishly took it into her head to light a piece of paper at the fire, which soon burnt to her fingers; and when she felt it hot, she let it fall. The fire then caught her frock, and directly spread up to her neck and face, and burnt her terribly.

Emma now began to cry very loudly; but as she often cried when she was not much hurt, nobody minded her; and she would have been burnt to death, if her mother had not hap-

opened to come into the room again. She was very much frightened to see her little girl on fire, and taking a large green cloth that lay upon the table, she wrapped it round her to put out the flames.

Poor Emma still continued to cry, and she had then good reason; for though her mother had saved her from being entirely burnt, she was in such violent pain that she did not know what to do with herself. The skin was quite scorched off her neck, and one of her eyes was so much injured, that it was a long time before she could see with it again.

Her mother did every thing in her power to cure her, but it was many weeks before she could get out of bed; and after she was well enough to go out of doors again, every body was grieved to see how much her face and neck were injured in appearance, and how severely she was punished for her folly.

This dismal story made all the other little children who knew her, very careful never to light any thing either at the fire or candle.

TALES FROM NATURE.

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#### JOSEPH AND THE SOVEREIGN.

Joseph was the son of poor parents, but he was a clever boy, and very honest. If he found a thing, he would try to discover the owner, and run with it to him; and he would not tell a lie, or do any mean action, for the world.

One day, Joseph was sent on an errand

to Mr Russel's, the linen-draper's shop, and a pound-note was given to him to get changed. It was dusk when he got home. He counted it by the candle, to see that all was right; when lo! among it he found that a sovereign had been given to him instead of a shilling.

Away he ran back to the shop, with the money in his hand, and addressing himself to the shopman who had served him, said, "Sir, I am come to tell you that you did not give me my change right." The shopman rather hastily replied, "But I am certain I did give it you right, and you must have dropped part in going home." "No, sir," returned Joseph; "it was quite safe wrapped up in my paper, and when I came to count it over, I found"—

"Ah!" interrupted the hasty shopman; "it does not signify telling us what you found; we have not time to attend to these kind of things; if it had not been meddled with from the time I gave it you, you would have found it right enough."

The master of the shop happening to overhear something of the dispute, came up and asked Joseph what he missed. "I do not miss any thing, sir," replied the boy; "but I have brought back a sovereign, which was given me in mistake; will you please to take it, and give me a shilling instead?"

"Certainly I will," returned the master; "and I am very much obliged to you for your honesty. You seem to be a poor lad, and as the money was given in mistake, and you were not known at the shop, it would very likely never have been missed or traced: the thought of this must have been a strong temptation to

you to keep it for your own use; how was it that you resisted it?"

"I have been taught, sir," said Joseph, "that my duty to my neighbour is, *to do to others as I should wish them to do to me*, if I were in their place. I know that if I had given but a penny in mistake, I should wish to have it returned, much more such a sum as this. So I made haste back with it, before there was time to be tempted to keep it."

"You have acted wisely and nobly," said Mr Russel; "may you ever be enabled to persevere in the path of rectitude! But now, as you have judged so fairly, and performed so faithfully what I had a right to desire of you, tell me what do you think you can reasonably desire of me?"

"That you should think me an honest boy, sir."

"I do, my good lad, and will give you a convincing proof of it. I have just now been inquiring after the character of an errand-boy, who has applied to me for employment; he is a much stouter lad than you, and his master tells me he is quick and clever, but inclined to be sly: this is a character I cannot bear; but your conduct, my lad, in this instance, is a good character for you. I value integrity far above the highest abilities; so go home to your parents, and tell them that if they are willing, you may come here to-morrow morning."

Joseph and his parents, you may be sure, could make no objection to so good an offer. He went to his place the next day, where he still continues, giving great satisfaction to his master by his fidelity, diligence, and civility; and the shop-

man, who is a worthy young man, being grieved that he had spoken so hastily and harshly to a good and honest boy, has ever since proved a kind friend to him; and, besides many other good-natured actions, has, in his leisure-hours, taught him to write and cast accounts.

ESTHER HEWLETT.



#### THE TWO KNIGHTS AND THE SHIELD.

In times long ago, there was a class of persons called knight-errants, who were clad in coats of mail, and rode about singly, either for the purpose of fighting with each other at tournaments, or for redressing the wrongs of those who sought their assistance. Well, in those barbarous fighting times, two strong and warlike knights, com-

ing from opposite directions, met at a place where a statue was erected.

On the arm of the statue was a shield, one side of which was of iron, the other of brass. As the two knights approached the statue from opposite quarters, each only saw one side of the shield; one saw the iron side, and the other saw the brass side. They immediately fell into conversation in regard to the structure before them, when one remarking that the shield was made of *iron*, the other corrected him, by saying it was made of *brass*.

The knight upon the iron side, of course, did not receive the correction. He maintained that he was right; and after arguing or disputing for a short time by harsh language, both gradually grew angry, and soon drew their swords to fight. You will think it very absurd that any two persons should attempt to decide who is right and who is wrong by fighting; but among ignorant, proud, and conceited people, that has been a too common practice, as the history of mankind informs us.

A long and furious combat now ensued between the two knights; and when at last both were exhausted, unhorsed, and lying bleeding on the ground, they found, to their great surprise and vexation, that the sides of the shield were of different metals; and that if each knight had at first taken the trouble to look at both sides, they would have saved themselves from quarrelling, and also great personal injury.

This story affords a good lesson. It shows us that, before disputing or arguing upon a subject, we should carefully examine both sides of it.

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

An old man and his little boy were driving an ass to the market to sell. "What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be ~~trudging it on foot~~ with his son, that his ass may go light!" The old man hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by his side. "~~Why, sir,~~" ~~cries a second man to the~~ boy, "is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor aged father is walking on foot?"

The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. "Do you see," says a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking!" The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. "Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," says the man. "One would not have thought so," replies the other, "by your loading him, as you do, without mercy. You and your boy are better able to carry the poor beast, than he is to carry you." "Any thing you please," says the owner; and dismounting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and, by the help of a pole, tried to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the next town.

This was so amusing a sight, that the people came in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, not liking the position in which he was placed, burst asunder the cords which tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed, that, by trying to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.



MUNGO PARK AND THE NEGRO WOMAN.

Mungo Park was a traveller, who, a number of years ago, went on a journey into Africa to discover the course of a great river called the Niger. His course was long and painful, across wide desert countries, where there are many wild beasts, and where there are nations of black men that are constantly at war with each other. After much toil, the traveller reached the banks of the Niger, which he saw was a fine broad stream like the Thames at Westminster, and glittering in the morning sun. He was now desirous of crossing to the opposite side, but he could not find a boat at that time, and he resolved to wait at a village close at hand till next day.

Mr Park, accordingly, went to the village to seek for lodging and food; but the inhabitants had never seen a white man before, and they,



being afraid of him, would not admit him into their houses. This was very mortifying, and he was obliged to sit all day, without victuals, in the shade of a tree. The night came on, and threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, with the appearance of a heavy storm of rain; and there were so many wild beasts in the neighbourhood, that Mr Park thought he should have to climb up the tree to rest all night among its branches.

"About sunset, however," says he, in his book of Travels, "as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and seeing that I was weary and sorrowful, she, with looks of great compassion, took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me that I might remain there for the night.

Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would get me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which she broiled on some hot embers, and gave it me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, the kind-hearted negro woman pointed to the mat, and told me I might sleep there without any fear of danger. She now called to the female part of her family, who had been gazing on me with astonishment, to begin spinning cotton, and in this they employed themselves the greater part of the night.

They lightened their labour by songs, one of which they made on the subject of my visit. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words were these:—The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. Let us pity the poor white man that came and sat under our tree.”

The singing of this little song greatly affected Mr Park, for he was many thousands of miles from home and from his friends. He tells us that he was so much overcome by the unexpected kindness, that sleep fled from his eyes. In the morning when he departed, he presented the woman with two of the four brass buttons which remained on his waistcoat, as the only recompense he could make her.

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#### THE GRATEFUL LION.

In times long past, when the Romans had possession of Egypt, and some other parts of Northern Africa, the chief magistrate of that division of the empire had a slave named Androcles. This unfortunate man had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had he not found an opportunity to escape.

Animated by terror, Androcles fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he wandered among the barren and burning sands of the wilderness, being almost faint with heat and hunger, he espied a cave in the side of a rock. He went in, and finding at the farther end of it a place

to sit down upon, rested for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge lion entered the cave.

Androcles, pale and trembling, expected to be torn in pieces. But the lion, instead of this, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fell licking his hand. Androcles, having somewhat recovered from his fright, observed the lion's paw greatly swollen by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the paw very gently, forced a great deal of corrupt matter to run out, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before.

The lion left him upon receiving this good office, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having roasted the flesh of it by the heat of the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion carefully providing him with food.

At length, tired of this savage state of life, he resolved to return and deliver himself up into his master's hands, and to suffer the utmost effects of his displeasure, rather than remain thus driven from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that he might furnish a show for the Roman people.

Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself

into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent; and that, for his crime, he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the theatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly.

When Androcles was placed in the area of the public theatre, a monstrous lion was allowed to come out upon him, and he expected in a moment to be torn in pieces; but what was his surprise, when the lion fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of attachment and fondness. After a short pause, Androcles discovered that it was the same lion which he had known in the desert, and he immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations astonished the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession.

The historian who relates the circumstance, says, that he saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another—"This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."



## HARVEST HYMN.

Now Autumn strews on every plain  
His mellow fruits and fertile grain ;  
And laughing plenty, crown'd with sheaves,  
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,  
In rich profusion pours around  
Her flowing treasures on the ground.  
Oh ! mark the great, the liberal hand,  
That scatters blessings o'er the land ;  
And to the God of Nature raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn, in vernal hours,  
He nurtured with his gentle showers,  
And bade the summer clouds diffuse  
Their balmy store of genial dews.  
He mark'd the tender stem arise,  
Till ripen'd by the glowing skies,  
And now, matured, his work behold,  
The cheering harvest waves in gold.  
To Nature's God with joy we raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The valleys echo to the strains  
Of blooming maids and village swains—  
To Him they tune the lay sincere,  
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.  
The sounds from every woodland borne,  
The sighing winds that bend the corn,  
The yellow fields around proclaim  
His mighty, everlasting name.  
To Nature's God united raise  
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

MRS HEMANS.



